

Ukrainian Catholic Youth Organization

# ЮНАЦТВО



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*Alga in case you  
come me at is behind the  
house in a barrel,*



Квітень -- 1950 -- April

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Greetings. . . .

**Rev. Father S. Kurylo, OSBM.**

For the help you've given others  
As you've followed in His way,  
May the Risen Saviour bless you  
On this holy Easter Day.

If wishing wells have magic powers  
(As people say they do)  
It won't be any time at all  
Till health returns to you!

In appreciation of your devotedness,  
The U. C. Y. of Daysland, Alberta.

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Ukrainian Catholic Youth Organization  
*Donated by Mr. Martin Danilak  
RR-2, Hildon, Alberta, 1964*

# ЮНАЦТВО YOUTH

Рік VI Число 4

Едмонтон, Алберта.

Квітень, 1950

## Христос Воскрес!

Христос Воскрес! Веселих свят  
Желаємо ми всім,  
І щастя, радості і ласк  
В шляху цім життєвім.

В часі важких зусиль і борб,  
Щоб не впадали ми,  
Лиш піснь святу — чудний акорд —  
“Христос Вокрес!” несли.

## Воскресення Христове

Історія записала багато великих і важних подій, що від них залежало добро або недоля світу. Та безперечно найважлишою подією в історії людства було Воскресення Христове.

Цілий Старий Завіт є тією темною смугою, прибиття й недолі роду людського. Всякі нещастя пригнітали людей, а часто доводили й до безнадійности. Треба було світла, щоб прогнало темряву та щоб надало людям надії до життя. Тим світлом був Христос-Спаситель.

Якраз Великдень є днем побіди Спасителя світа над темрявою, над смертю і безнадійністю. Воскресення Христове становить нову, світлу добу. Христос не тільки побідив гріх, але й отворив небо та знову підніс нас до гідности дітей Божих. Вокресення Христове є основною правдою віри. Вже сам св. Павло сильно підкреслює велике значення Христового Воскресення для вірних цими словами: “А коли Христос не воскрес, тоді марне наше проповідання й наша віра” (І. Кор. 15, 14).

“Христос Воскрес”! — Коротенькі й простенькі ці слова, але глибокий їх зміст. Ціле пекло задрожало, всі Христові вороги розбрились, посумніли, коли довідались про Його перемогу. А небо наповнилось радістю. І земля почала голосити цю веселу вістку. Кожне християнське серце переливається з безмежної радості, коли прийде Великдень.

Для нас українців Великдень є цінним і надзвичайним святом з багатьох причин. Бо жаден нарід не святкує Великодня так величаво, з такими церемоніями, як наш український нарід.

Ми приготуємося до празника Воскресення Христового особливим постом. Звичайно кожна душа відбуває перед тим празником свою великодню сповідь. Виставлення плащаниці та інші відправи надзвичайно підготовляють нас до тимбільшої радості.

У неділю рано раненько гомонять всі церковні дзвони й звіщають веселу вістку. Обхід докола церкви, опісля отворення хрестом дверей гробу. Коло церковних дверей увесь нарід за священником співає веселу пісню "Христос Воскрес". Відтак усі тріумфально входять до церкви і слідує прекрасна воскресна утренья. Звичайно церква битком набита. По торжественній Службі Божій є мирвання, при чому всі цілують статую Воскресення. Обряд свячення пасок, писанок та інших кормів є справжньою виставою. Всі ставлять кошики в ряди, засвічують над ними свічки, а священник іде зі служачими й посвячує приготовані великодні ласощі. Всі взаємно складають собі святочні побажання й під го-мін дзвонів ідуть весело домів, щоб покушати "свяченого".

Церковні дзвони не стають дзвонити цілі свята — молодь і старші радіють з празника Воскресення Христового. Збираються на церковній площі і виводять гаїлок, забавляються. У другий день свят є "вливальний понеділок". Одні других вливають на зріст і на вроду. Так серед веселих пісень, гарних відправ і радості минає три дні свят. Але весела пісня "Христос Воскрес" лунає аж до Воскресення Христового.

І цього раку завитав до нас Великдень. Ми гарно приготувалися до цього найбільшого свята. Весна — ціла природа вкрилась красою. Серце наше повне радості . . . Та наші гадки линуць далеко, на рідні землі. Тут у Канаді нам добре, весело. А на Вкраїні нужда, гнет, смуток, голод. Церкви позамикані, люди поневолені . . . Біль стискає наше серце . . .

Ми віримо в Христа, що побідив смерть, що поборов Своїх ворогів. Христос допоможе і нашому українському народові встати. Молім Його, щоб кріпив наш нарід у важких хвилях. Дай Боже, щоб цей Святий Рік приніс Україні волю; щоб на другий рік наш нарід був свободний і святкував Великдень по-давнім.

У день Воскресення Христового ми канадійці будьмо вдячні Христові за всі ласки, що їх дізнаємо. Радіймо всі, і цінім наш скарб — наші великодні звичаї — та веселим серцем кличмо разом: "Христос Воскрес і ми воскреснемо!"

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## The Resurrection

The Resurrection of Christ brought a change to the world, brought new life, hope and faith. And to us comes at the time of our observation of the Resurrection a welcome change.

We get a feeling of exhilaration, a freshness of spirit, a new interest in life, a new hope, ambition and energy to handle our every-day problems and tasks.

Just as spring ushers in a new life of freshness and newly growing things to the world, so does Easter bring a new life to the soul.

Our confidence in ourselves is revived and a greater love for others is reborn. We are able to undertake our tasks with lighter hearts and we are more willing to be generous and helpful to others.

But let this rebirth or resurrection of our inner selves be not a momentary thing. Just as the Resurrection of Christ has, as the years have gone by, granted increasing spiritual gifts to people and just as the new faith and hope which came at the Resurrection has strengthened, comforted, guided and transformed more and more people — let today's Easter bring to us a reborn spirit not for the day, but throughout the year; a spirit which strengthens us and which will help us to strengthen and comfort others.

## У Боротьбі за Ідеали

### ЗАСАДИ У.К.Ю.

Крім природних даних, що дуже багато допомагають людині в житті, кожна доросла одиниця у діланні менше або більше піддається своєму оточенню. Однак найсильнішим і головним чинником, що ним людина керується у всім, є свободна воля. З виробленням волі є тісно зв'язаний характер. Бо стільки людина є вироблена, скільки вона є характерна, або нехарактерна. Та вартість кожної одиниці становлять не природні дані, цебто здібности, знання чи навіть нахили, але її добрі або злі засади, що їх вона держиться в щоденному житті.

У.К.Ю. має в програмі держатися найкращих і найвищих засад. Вони є нечисленні, але можуть виробити людину на найкращу одиницю суспільности. Жадна організація не має кращих засад, як Українське Католицьке Юнацтво. Цих засад є тільки дванадцять.

### БУТИ РЕЛІГІЙНИМ

Першою нормою в житті людини не можуть бути людський розум і свободна воля. Бо в багатьох случаях ми самі переконалися, що ці два чинники не завжди ділають згідно з волею Божою. По упадку прародичів людський розум зів'язав притаманний, а воля більше склонна до злого, як до доброго. Тому треба вищої сили, що може покерувати людину до її взнеслої ціли. Якраз релігія є тим могучим середником, що допомагає людині йти певною дорогою й держить її близько Творця. Без релігії люди не можуть бути шляхотними, не можуть дійти до своєї ціли. Релігії не можна заступити природною наукою. Всяке релігійне виховання є неповним, невистарчальним, щоб зробити людину щасливою вже тут на цій землі, а тимбільше не може приготувати її до другого життя.

Одиниці, що виховуються без релігії, стають незалежні у всьому, мають схилене сумління, і не можуть мати добрих засад. Тому релігія є першим і найсильнішим середником, що допомагає нам на дорозі життя.

У.К.Ю. має те щастя, що належить до Божих вибранців. Всі члени У.К.Ю. є дітьми католицьких родичів і належать до правдивої Христової Церкви, що стоїть на сторожі виховання. Католицька Церква не тільки вчить як почитати Бога, але вона має всі середники і при їх допомозі ми можемо дійти до Бога. Хто є релігійний, той визнає свою залежність від Творця, той свій розум і волю підчиняє Волі Божій. Релігія самото може допомогти людині виробити своє сумління. Хто опирається на Божім об'явленню і держиться християнської моралі, той безпечний. Релігія зо злих робить добрих, а добрі при допомозі релігії стають святими. Іншими словами бути релігійним не значить тільки вистерігатися зла, але

стреміти до святости. І це є першою засадою кожного члена і членкині Українського Католицького Юнацтва.

## ПОШАНУВАННЯ АВТОРИТЕТУ

Хто шанує себе, той послідовно шанує старших чи взагалі всякий авторитет. Одною з прикмет вихованої людини є те, що вміє пошанувати владу. Ми всі є членами великого тіла, чи держави, чи Церкви, чи якоїсь іншої організації. Щоб був порядок, то одні мусять держати керму, а інші є обов'язані слухати. Без пошани авторитету нема послуху, нема порядку. Тому вже природне право домагається, щоб люди були залежні одні від других. Це природний порядок.

У родині батьки мають право вчити й виховувати своїх дітей. Коли хто з дітей або з дальших нарушив би цей закон, то вже держава карає за непослух родичам. У Товаристві комітет має меншу або більшу владу чи то зберігати уложені закони, чи то укладати нові права. Хто не повинувався б, тому вже статут накладає кару, надолуження. У школі, чи в державі цивільна влада має право зберігати держані закони і за порушення закону карають усіх навіть найвищих урядовців. У Церкві Христовій Святіший Отець разом з Кардиналами, Єпископами і священниками мають менші або більші права відповідно до гідности кожного. Але вони не менше є обов'язані заховати церковний закон, що ґрунтується на Божому законі. Вірні як один є обов'язані повинуватися законній церковній владі. Якраз цею прикметою відзначається Католицька Церква. Христовий Намісник має до помічі Кардиналів, Єпископів і священників. При їхній допомозі керування Церкви йде як у годиннику. Вірні шанують свою владу, бо виразно бачуть, що Бог керує людей через людей. Де нема пошани авторитету, там нема порядку. Сумні факти у незалежних церквах є найсильнішим доказом, до якого хаосу доходить дана організація, хоч би навіть релігійна, де нема пошани авторитету.

Для нас членів У.К.Ю. повинно бути золотою засадою: шанувати свою церковну владу. Коли будемо шанувати Божих заступників, тоді будемо вміти пошанувати своїх батьків, взагалі всяку владу. І тільки тоді будемо могли тішитися своєю приналежністю до даного морального тіла.

Щасливі ми, що маємо щастя належати до Христової Церкви; що маємо добрих родичів; що живемо у найкращій державі; що належимо до У.К.Ю. Шануймо всяку владу. А хто шанує владу, той себе шанує.

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## DEFINITIONS

Hypocrite: A boy that comes to school smiling.

Mandate: A male escort.

Bus: A vehicle that always has empty seats when going in the opposite direction.

Government: A thing that thinks that the people owe it a living.

Tongue: the only edged tool that grows sharper with constant use.

Political war: shooting from lips.

Baby: a small member of the animal kingdom that will make love stronger, days shorter, nights longer, bank-roll smaller, home happier, clothes shabbier, the past forgotten and the future worth living for.

Bigamist: a man who marries twice in a lifetime.

Religion: insurance in this world against fire in the next.



# GLEANNER'S GLOSS

*By Father Jo*

How to write on Rome without sounding too much like a guide book, a travel directory, or a steamship line's page folder? These were my thoughts as I sat down to write at least a sketchy account of the City of Popes for our Youth readers. Do you see how hard we try to please you?

As our train clickety-clicked off the last few miles of the long long journey to Rome, I remember standing in the coach's long passageway with my eyes glued to the rushing countryside before me. It was about 8 a.m. There was no mistake; we were definitely drawing closer and closer to Rome, and I caught myself murmuring, "Roma Aeterna, Roma Aeterna" (Eternal Rome). Blocks of flat, square apartment houses flowed past us. Hopefully I scanned the skyline for the first glimpse of St. Peter's dome. Almost before realizing it, the train began to slow down, rolled to a stop, and we were there.

Rome is a noisy city and, sad to say, much of it, is dirty. There are countless numbers of gas-engined bicycles, motorcycles, scooter cars, and three-wheeled truck-like vehicles which are nothing more than camouflaged motorbikes. There are also endless numbers of trolley buses, just plain gas buses, and streams of brake screeching street cars. The Italians must love noise, or else they've never heard of exhaust pipes. They revel in blowing their horns, racing their engines which seem to backfire on principle alone, and can make enough racket with a slim little bicycle to put a caterpillar tractor gone on a rampage to shame. With the roar of exhausts rivalling a squadron of Lancasters overhead, the honking of horns suggesting New York's worst traffic congestion of the year, the cries of the Italian open air shop keepers who sell everything, including fresh fish, fresh clams, fresh sparrows, ties, crockery, and Vermouth, the milling throngs of people with its "lire" seeking post card hawkers, pen peddlers, cab callers, horse and buggy wheelers, guides, authorized, unauthorized and otherwise, one comes to the conclusion that Rome is a very busy city indeed.

In Italy it is common enough to see people returning home with burdens on their heads. Truly it is not customary for the fashionable ladies of Rome to carry tubs of groceries on their heads, but some of the men do perform remarkable balancing feats on their bicycles. Many a time I watched cyclers spin rapidly around a corner with a large flat wooden tray filled with pastry, confections, etc., balanced neatly on their heads. Perhaps most of the unicycle riders we see in circuses who twirl rings on their

hands, feet and head at the same time, first got their start in Italy.

There are over three hundred churches in Rome, but the outstanding ones are of course the four basilicas: St. Peter's, St. Paul's Maria Maggiore, and the Latern (St. John's). For size and beauty these basilicas are incomparable. The wealth, genius, and combined efforts of the whole Christian world through the centuries went into their making. Italy is a land of marble, and the most exquisite marbles of every hue and color were used in building the altars, crypts, floors, walls, ceilings, and pillars of the basilicas as well as the many lovely chapels which adorn these giant houses of God like so many jewels. Kings, princes, nations poured their richest gifts into these basilicas to make them more wonderful than ever. In Paul's the altar of the Assumption, where I was privileged to say Holy Mass, was made of an unusually rare green marble, a gift of the Tsar of Russia. Gold too was not spared on the vaultings, ceilings and arches of the richest chapels. Mosaics abound, and the workmanship is so fine that only by touching the tiny stones cemented together can one convince himself that the whole picture is not a painting on canvas. Statues fashioned by the world's greatest grace the many niches of the walls. These holy halls breathe awe into the heart of the stranger from distant lands. He who came to marvel, remains to pray.

The most annoying thing about the museums in Rome is that they are open in the morning and close about midday. The visitor with limited time is tantalized to find them so large and so wonderful that several visits are all too few to fully appreciate the treasures they contain. How human we can be. After walking for hours through rooms literally blocks long, filled with the masterpieces of the greats of all times; with neck stiffened, knees weakened, back strained, head whirling, I could sit on some ruined pillar chiselled out some 2,000 years ago, indifferent to the sublime arts about me and soberly considered whether the cook was going to have chops or spaghetti for dinner.

A great deal of gratitude and thanks must go to Rev. Father Modest Gnesko, O.S.B.M., who (passes his greeting to all of his many friends in Canada, especially Vegreville and locality) was my councillor, guide, general advisor, and assistant in the daily forays and sallies to the many points of interest in Rome.

And so the warm, almost Indian summer days, that were given to us in December

and January, were spent in excursions to the Borghesi museum where we saw the works of Bernini, Pauline, David, Apollo and Daphne, Neptune and Proserpine; The Lateran Museum; the Vatican Museum with its originals of Raphael, the famed sculptures of Apollo, Mercury, the Laocoon, Perseus, and of course glorious Sixtine Chapel by Michel Angelo; the Capitoline Museum where Venus and the Dying Gladiator are treasured; the Panteon with its tomb of Raphael; the Golden House of Nero; the Mammertine Prison; the graves of Keats and Shelley; Tres Fontanes where St. Paul was beheaded; the artistic cemetery of Rome; the Catacombs of St. Calixtus and St. Sebastian; the Coliseum; the Roman Forum; the Palatinate; Castel St. Angelo, etc.

It is true that the Italians eat spaghetti, but they eat other things as well, just as I and you do. Italians are very fond of greens, and the countrysides produce many types of vegetables and fruits including oranges and lemons. Italians are also very fond of wine which is the standard drink with meals. The little girl you see running from the grocery store is more likely holding a bottle of wine in her hands than a quart of milk.

The people on the whole are poor, and large sections of both Rome and Naples are slum districts where a living is eked out with tiny market stalls, repair shops basket work, or just plain begging from the pedestrians. Yet many seemed to be well off, and drive fine cars.

There are many American and English cars in Rome, but great numbers of tiny little Fiats can be seen. These are so small that even our familiar Austin appears large in comparison. In spite of the numerous automobiles it is hard to spot the well known super service gas station so common here. They are replaced by lone pumps on some obscure corner where the attendant awaits his customers on a wooden chair, and doles out his benzine by the litre.

Outside of Rome visits were made to nearby Frascati, the wine centre, Monte Cavo, and Castel Gandolfo, the summer villa of the Pope. On another occasion a bus took us to Adrian's villa, then to Tivoli with its marvelous Villa Este filled with waterfalls, cascades, lagoons, fountains and water displays of every description. On the trip to Naples the slopes of Mt. Vesuvius were reached by train; a tiny electric tram carrying us to the very cone of the mountain. The rest was monotonous zig-zag climbing up the cindery path which leads to the rim of the crater. Smoke poured freely from cracks in the cinder ridges of the crater as well as from parts of the crater pit itself. The cinders from these hot fissures are about 300 degrees C., and the fragments broken off for souvenirs

were too hot to handle. Below lay Naples and its bay almost invisible through the settling smoke and evening fog. On the sides of the mountain and on the flats could be seen the 1944 lava flows much like melted ice cream rolling down the sides of its cone but now frozen black against the green meadows. On the way down the oft repeated phrase — "See Naples and die", came to mind. None of the healthy looking travellers about me seemed worried about the subject at all.

One day when rolling out the map of the city of Rome searching for new fields of adventure, Father Gnesko came into the room to help. He scanned the map with its crooked streets and tiny pictures of the more noted churches, museums, buildings, and ruins for a moment, and then turned slowly towards me. There was determination in his eyes, and decision in his voice when he said, "Father, you've seen Rome." For six weeks I have tried to swallow up as much of Rome as a blotter sucks up ink. It had been a terrifically interesting even if a back breaking, neck straining, foot sore, and sometimes almost heart-breaking job. Subconsciously I had watched the days of my stay in Rome running to a close. Now it was time to go home. Suddenly it dawned on me that I had been homesick for weeks.

The road home led through Genoa via Pisa where we caught a glimpse of the Leaning Tower and on through the sunny French Riviera. For hundreds of miles the train hugged the rocky banks of the blue Mediterranean, creeping through dozens of tire-some dark tunnels to finally break out into the dazzling sunlight and some new little city perched on the mountain banks just out of reach of the sea. In this way we passed through Monaco, Monte Carlo and Nice. Marseilles in the evening was just another city of lights, but in Toulouse we walked the streets for hours until the morning darkness gave way to dawn and the city began to hum with life. We were now well in France and travelling abreast of the white-capped Pyrenees to the little town of Lourdes.

Lourdes was a delightful and refreshing surprise. In contrast with the Italian cities it was neat, clean and simple. In one short day it was possible to absorb and thoroughly enjoy all that Lourdes had to offer; the homes of Bernadette, the Grotto, the delicate basilica above it, the magnificent stations of the cross, a glance through the quaint town of Lourdes; all without undue strain or weariness.

We had come to Lourdes on a snap decision. It was just another Mecca for pilgrims of which we had seen so many in Rome. I take it all back now. Gazing at the quiet Grotto cleft in the rock, one feels that he is treading on sacred ground. It is



January, and the number of visitors are greatly reduced. A few people trickle in an out of the Grotto. Some light a candle and pray. Sometimes a group of five or six would kneel to pray the rosary. One or two women keep their hands stretched out for the whole length of the rosary. A young couple fresh from the marriage ceremony come to consecrate themselves to Mary. The bride in her white gown and veil leaves her bouquet at the feet of Mary. Several times I came back to watch at the Grotto. It seemed to fascinate me more than anything else I had seen. In the evening after the others had gone I lingered on for another last look. There was no one else about; for a while at least the Grotto was mine alone. Hundreds of little candles and tapers set against the rock flickered and edged their pale light into the shadows where I sat. Again that strange mood. I tried to reason coldly that a mass of blazing candles in the night were only making their uni-

versal appeal appreciated anywhere; on the North Pole if you choose. But again that still pervading sense of God's presence; the realization that He was here nearer than ever seemed to permeate the very atmosphere. The next day I said Mass in that Grotto just below the Niche where Mary appeared to Bernadette 18 times. What a grace and privilege it is to be a priest of God. The decision to go to Lourdes was a happy choice.

North to Paris. In the five or six days at our disposal we saw Notre Dame, Montmartre, the Louvre, scanned Paris from the Eiffel Tower, and spent a morning at Versailles. The boat train took us to Cherbourg via Lisieux of the Little Flower. At night ferries carried us out to the Queen Mary anchored in the deeper ocean. Her myriads of tiny electric lights made her glow like a long slim gem in the black waters. Within an hour we were off for home.

# SOCIAL WHIRL

## EDMONTON CENTRAL

### I.

#### Renewal of Club Activities After Summer Vacation

The first general meeting of the Central Local of the U.C.Y. of Edmonton for the season of 1949-50 was held on September 7, 1949, in the Parish Hall.

As a new motive for this season a Nominating Committee was appointed to pick out a suitable main executive for the coming year. The gathering was very enthusiastic, that is, having a reunion with the old members, and getting acquainted with the new ones.

The second meeting was held on September 14, at which the Nominating Committee presented their report. The following were accepted into the Main Executive.

President — Vera Wasylyshyn  
Vice-President — Alec Malychki  
Secretary — Anne Chaba  
Treasurer — Tony Rasko  
Fifth Member — Ambrosia Tomiak.

At this same meeting the following were elected into the various Committees surrounding the Main Executive by the members present:

(1) **Social Committee** — Florence Sachkiw, Alexandra Pryma, Olga Prokopchuk, Bohdan Hrynchyshyn and Harry Lazowski.

(2) **Religious and Cultural Committee** (combined) Victor Bayrak, Mike Pawlessa,

Alex Malychki, Ambrosia Tomiak, Stephania Pinkowski.

(3) **Press Committee** — Alice Prokopchuk, Jerry Roslak, Mike Andreychuk.

Mr. Mike Pawlessa, acting chairman for above general meeting, thanked the old old executive for their successful year of work and welcomed the new Executive.

Our spiritual leader, Reverend S. Shewchuk gave a word of encouragement and at the same time thanked the old executive, and wished the new one a very successful year, relying on the co-operation of all the members.

This year, due to the talented members as editors, our club has started to issue a newspaper within the club so called a "Wallpaper" titled as "Our Thoughts". It is displayed in a frame on the wall, where all the members are able to read it thoroughly and perhaps learn more about their fellow members.

The third meeting of the season was held on September 28, 1949, at which our Bowling League was organized. Florence Sachkiw was appointed to arrange all the necessary teams.

The various committees drew up a definite program of the plan for work to the end of December, 1949. Each meeting this season is to be followed by some educational function, such as an educational film, speech on important topics, followed by a general discussion, also an occasional social function.

The said committee also booked up ahead (to the end of December, 1949) the necessary dates for functions which are to be presented to the general public, such as plays, concerts, dances, etc. The first social function, a dance, was held on October 22, from which all proceeds are to be assigned to the support of editing our Dominion-wide YOUTH magazine.

At the fourth meeting on Oct. 12, 1949, our Dramatic Club was organized and their first function in the form of a play will be held on October 30th, 1949.

The committee to visit the Ukrainian sick in the respective hospitals in the city was discussed and is to be organized in the near future.

A Hallowe'en dance was also planned for October 31. Ukrainian refresher courses were discussed and arrangements are being made for a suitable evening for the said courses which are to be directed by Professor W. Hrynyk.

Our general meetings for the season are changed from every other Wednesday to every other Tuesday, due to choir practices being scheduled for Wednesday evenings.

To this date all our functions have proved favourably, especially the procession for the Rosary Crusade, in which our Youth (dressed in our traditional Ukrainian costumes) took a very active part and at the same time showed their loyalty to prayer as well as representing our parish in general.

A. Chaba, Secretary.

To the Editor:-

We have intended to write to you about the following matter several times, but we always have been putting things off. But now, when we received the tickets for the Annual Youth Draw, we could not resist this urge any longer.

As our past record shows, we have nothing against the money-raising campaign, and we always did our fair share in all similar undertakings. But what gets us now is that at the last annual U. C. Y. Convention in Alberta a resolution was passed stating that every club should, within a period of two months, hold some special doing and turn over all proceeds to eliminate "Youth's" debt. In case of failure in this respect, the club was to pay a fine of \$2.00 per member. The months designated for this undertaking were October and November. Being present at the Convention, I personally witnessed the unanimous approval and support given to this resolution.

What we'd like to know now is: What has become of this resolution? Was it carried out? If not, why?

Our club has always fulfilled its obligations regarding demands of a financial nature issued by our Provincial Executive, and it will again do its share in making the Annual Youth Draw a great success. And to think and know that in this Province we have clubs numbering 60, 80 and more members, which, at the Convention, reported to have a yearly income of a thousand dollars and even more — and never hear of these clubs' contributions to the "Youth" — one is bound to think that this is not fair. Do these clubs take under their consideration that they are obliged to carry out the resolutions of the Convention, to which their delegates agreed? Are the larger and well-to-do clubs only to take laurels at conventions, leaving all or most of the financial contributing to the "Youth" to small clubs, which very often haven't even a finished parish church? We believe that the Provincial Executive and the "Youth" would have no financial difficulties if even two-thirds of the U. C. Y. clubs in Alberta contributed financially in matters of urgent need proportionally to what our club of only eleven members has done.

It seems that the smaller and poorer the club, the sooner it responds to the calls of the Provincial Executive.

We also wonder why the U. C. Y. clubs all over Canada react so weakly in matters concerning the "Youth" magazine? Is the "Youth" not their organ also? Is it only Alberta that has to worry about the magazine which clubs across the whole of Canada boast as their paper? Some years ago they all seemed to be more concerned about this paper. Why not now? And should not the whole matter pertaining to the "Youth" be handled by the Dominion Executive, rather than the Provincial Executive of Alberta? By the looks of things it seems that Alberta owned the "Youth" magazine and most of the U. C. Y.-ers outside of Alberta had no use for it. This is the only logical reason (as far as we can see) that the "Youth" magazine is now in debt.

All the opinions expressed here are our personal views and we would appreciate if someone would answer some of these questions.

Because we think that many more clubs and U. C. Y. members hold the same views it is our sincere request that this letter be published in the "Youth."

Always working and giving,

U. C. Y. of Daysland, Alberta,

Per: M. A. Korpan, Pres.

## REPORT OF THE MANITOBA U.C.Y. CONVENTION

The annual Ukrainian Catholic Youth Convention of Manitoba was held on the 26th and the 27th of November at St. Vladimir and Olga. The sessions were formally opened on the afternoon of the 26th with prayers by Father Kristalowich. President Sam Kruk and Father Tarnowsky welcomed the delegates. Under the chairmanship of Mr. Michael Sulymka, the proceedings got under way. Miss Mary Popowich read the minutes of the last convention. Miss Margaret Budnick presented the financial statement, while Mr. Michael Bukaska arranged the various committees.

Mr. John Nowosad, the guest speaker, presented several good reasons why the U.C.Y. is a must in the lives of the Ukrainian Catholic Youth. He demanded more individual participation in club activities. This session ended with a heated discussion.

The evening banquet at the St. Charles Hotel was well attended. Mr. Wall was the guest speaker.

On Sunday evening, the 27th, Bishop Roberecky celebrated Mass at St. Vladimir and Olga.

Mrs. B. Pedora was the guest speaker at the afternoon session. She discussed retreats and urged everybody to make one as soon as possible. Bishop Roberecky urged all to attend the Congress to be held during the summer.

The resolutions committee and the nominating committee then presented their reports. A new executive under the leadership of Mr. Walter Boyd, was accepted by the delegates. Mr. Sam Kruk then thanked all the delegates and wished the new executive a good year.

The Convention was rounded off with a social evening at St. Vladimir and Olga.

E. Kowalchuk,  
Provincial Editor, (Manitoba).

The Newdale U.C.Y. held open house at the home of Michael Sulymka on New Year's Day, 1950. Although hampered by severe weather, sixty-four persons from Newdale, Oakburn and Sandy Lake U.C.Y. locals attended the party. An Evening Service, held at the newly purchased Ukrainian Catholic Church at Newdale, preceded the banquet. Father Siray officiated at the Service.

The dinner was prepared by the Youth of Newdale. Mr. Sulymka spared no pains in providing food for the mass of hungry youth. It was delicious and there could be no doubt that there are some excellent chefs among the youth of Newdale.

After everybody had been well fed, a

short meeting was held. Ed. Kowalchuk, Provincial Editor, acted as chairman, while Elsie Antonation, Oakburn, was the secretary. Father Siray and Father Furnalchuk expressed their thanks to Michael Sulymka for his wonderful hospitality. However, the party could not have been made possible without the assistance of the Rev. Fathers Sirey and Furnalchuk, who together with Michael Sulymka planned everything. Mr. Sulymka welcomed all the members and stated that co-operation is a must if the U.C.Y. organization is to progress and urged members to have more gatherings of this kind. Everyone wholeheartedly agreed.

Members of the talented Sulymka family provided the music and soon everybody was swirling on dancing feet. This could not go on forever, much to the disappointment of the guests. The party was brought to a close with a roaring farewell in song. More roaring followed when it was discovered that a raging storm had developed during the course of the evening. However, everyone got home safely.

And what does the writer say? "It was a wonderful party!"

E. Kowalchuk,  
Provincial Editor, (Manitoba).

## САСКАТУН, САСК.,

Місячні збори У.К.Ю. в Саскатуні відбулися в неділю, 5-го лютого, в салі під церквою. Всеч. о. Пелех відкрив збори молитвою.

О. Пелех представив нам пана Склековича, одного з новоприбулих, що виголосив нам дуже повчаючий реферат.

Пан Склекович говорив нам про 1. Зв'язки України з Європою в давніх княжих часах. Княжі діти входили в зв'язки з володарями європейських держав.

2. Причини упадку княжої держави.

2. Козаччина. Повстання Мазепи. Причини невдачі.

4. Будова Української Держави в рр. 1917-1919. Причини упадку нової держави.

5. Висновки. Український нарід мусить глибоко усвідомити хто є його найбільшим ворогом. Мусить у згоді працювати для одної Великої ідеї будови самостійної держави і бути послухним своїй одному проводові.



О. Пелех подякував панові Склепковичеві за реферат.

Рішено, щоб реколекції відбулися

від 29 березня до 2 квітня. Також було рішено, щоб мати "Гвист Драйв" 26 лютого.

Любов Чепла, секр.

## Provincial Notes

(Alberta)

The greatest sacrifice in the history of the universe was the sacrifice of our Lord on the Cross, which this lenten season represents. Did it ever occur to us that the greatest gratitude we could offer for this sacrifice is a sacrifice of our own for the good of ourselves and our fellow-men?

No human being could attempt to equal the sacrifice of our Lord. However, it is comparatively easy to put forth a large sacrifice in a manner which I shall explain.

It is within our means, as individuals, to offer small sacrifices which through the medium of our organization we are able to assemble into one big sacrifice worthy of our membership in the most ideal society yet organized among our youth.

I am referring to the U. C. Y. semi-annual Convention which is to be held in Edmonton on the 20th of May, and which can only be a success if all the locals of the Province of Alberta are represented by as many members as possible.

As you all no doubt remember, you passed several important resolutions at our 1949 Annual Convention. Naturally, you wish to see these resolutions carried out. We, of the Provincial Executive, have pledged ourselves to do everything within our power to fulfill these resolutions. We can only do that with your help.

At some time during the Convention the draw for the Youth Raffle will take place. It is up to us all to see to it that all stubs of the tickets issued are within the walls of the container which we are preparing. That will be the grand product of small sacrifices on our part.

The resolutions drawn up at the last Convention could be best interpreted in dollars and cents. Therefore we have to have the dollars and cents to fulfill these resolutions.

I am looking forward to a very lively conference on the 20th of May. We will inform you then in detail as to what is being done. You are expected to shower us with your ideas, your criticisms and also your difficulties which, if you didn't have, would be considered unnatural.

Let us resolve that the 20th of May, 1950, be a "Youth Day" worthy of remembering and recording in the annals of the U. C. Y.

Walter Zazula,

Pres. U. C. Y. of Alberta.

## DONATIONS

Round Hill, Alberta, U. C. Y.,	
Farewell to Father Bilyk.....	\$5.25
Daysland, Alberta, U. C. Y.....	25.00
Borschiw, Alberta, U. C. Y.....	25.00
Star-Peno, Alberta, U. C. Y.....	42.00
North Edmonton, Alta., U. C. Y.....	25.00
Prosperity, Alberta, U. C. Y.....	15.00
Sudbury, Ontario, U. C. Y.....	10.00
Helen Sych, Hay Lakes, Alta.....	2.00
Peter Kotylak, Thorhild, Alta.....	1.00
John Nowak, Mundare, Alta.....	1.00

## LAUGH WITH US

"And what did daddy say when you told him you had won first prize for dictation?"

"He said, 'Well, well, you're getting more like your mother every day'."

\* \* \* \*

After several inquiries about when church would be over, a four-year-old youngster spotted the place in the Mass where the chalice is wiped after Communion. Her comment: "We'll soon go now, mummy. He's doing the dishes."

\* \* \* \*

A sweet little one, on coming home from kindergarten, asked its mother:

"Mama, is it true that we are Ukrainians?"

"Yes, my dear, it is true. We are Ukrainians," answered the mother proudly.

"Then, mama, why can't I talk Ukrainian?" asked the child, wonderingly.

\* \* \* \*

Sign on steps of courthouse: "This way for Marriage Licenses—Watch Your Step."

# Things Worthwhile Knowing

Lincoln's life was a long struggle. Here's a brief sketch: 1831 — failed in business; 1832 — defeated for Legislature; 1838 — defeated for elector; 1843 — defeated for Congress; 1848 — defeated for Senate; 1856 — defeated for Vice-President; 1860 — elected President of the United States.

\* \* \* \*

Gloria Agostini, a Montreal-born first harpist with the American Broadcasting Company, says that she discovers the "biggest thrill of her life" every day when she wakes up in her blue-tinted studio apartment in New York. She discovers that before her eyes lies "another day to experience the wonderful thrill being alive to serve God with the talents He has given me." Her yearly salary exceeds \$13,000. Her father and brother work as composers and conductors with the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation. Gloria herself is deeply religious. She had her apartment painted blue to be reminded constantly that she is being watched over with maternal care when she is alone and so far from home. The first four hours of her daily practice is the most enjoyable. With images of the Madonna and St. Joseph before her, she makes an otherwise dull and monotonous hour of scales and exercises a period of joyful meditation on the love of God. She is now 24 years of age and plays a harp one foot taller than she is. Her first concert at her home town towards the end of March was in honor of her former music teacher, Sister St. Romeo.

\* \* \* \*

"Radio Priest" Weekly Broadcast Converts 2,300. During the first five years of his weekly religious broadcasts, the Rev. V. Marcos, OMI., achieved the conversion of 2,300 persons in Spain.

\* \* \* \*

The Czech Reds are reported to arrest priests at the rate of one a day.

\* \* \* \*

The famed Bavarian stigmatic, Theresa Neumann was told by an examining non-believer: "...you just imagine all these things, don't you? That's why you have the stigmata." Quietly looking at him, she replied smilingly: "Maybe so. You just imagine being an ox. Perhaps then you will grow horns."

\* \* \* \*

"Your Wedding Promise means happiness or unhappiness, depending on whether it is kept serious, beautiful and sacred," said the Rev. M. G. Meehan, C.S.S.R., in his Trans-

Canada Catholic broadcast. "Do you remember," he continued, "what it was you promised that exciting day of your wedding — with the fragrance of flowers, the rumble of the organ, the smiles of friends all around you? As you held hands, the angels heard you promise three things —

1. You promised each other the best gift — your soul.

2. You promised each other the best objective — children.

3. You promised each other the best love — till death.

That is what you promised. And that promise makes your marriage sacred, because you give your soul; it makes it beautiful, because it is for children; and it makes it serious, because it's till death. It is really a wonderful promise for a boy and girl to make, and even more wonderful to live up to it."

\* \* \* \*

Three Million Ukrainians are reported not to be accounted for by the Russians. The Soviet radio mentioned the fate of 1,300,000 Ukrainians repatriated from Western Europe. Of these 300,000 are held in forced labor camps, 750,000 on collective farms. Of the remaining 3,000,000 Ukrainians brought back to Russia in the years 1945 to 1947, not a word is said.

\* \* \* \*

Of the 65 Catholics who had entered the race in British elections, 21 were elected to Parliament. Altogether there were 1,866 candidates trying for the 625 seats in the House of Commons.

\* \* \* \*

Hitler, in 1943 had ordered to burn the Vatican to the ground. Then in 1944 he wanted the Vatican to be destroyed by aerial bombardment. Both plans were foiled by Rahn, who was the last Nazi ambassador to Rome.

\* \* \* \*

"Oh, what a beautiful sight I see!" were the last words of a 15-year-old boy at the moment of his death. The boy was Dominic Savio, an Italian. He served Mass daily. His ambition was to become a priest. His teacher was Saint John Bosco. The boy died of pneumonia. His life is set as an example for youth. Pope Pius X called him a "little giant of sanctity." Dominic is now known the world over as "God's teen-Ager." At the age of 12 he prayed to be a saint. Soon he will be beautified.

Twenty-one of the eighty American students that are studying for the Holy Priesthood in Rome, are World War II veterans.

\* \* \* \*

A former U. S. A. airforce chaplain, the

Rev. Father Hofsti of California, volunteered to attend to the spiritual needs of a leper colony in the Philippines. Serving the 1,200 lepers are two doctors and three nurses. Father Hofsti keeps a small library for the lepers.

# You and Your Personality

By Father Victor

## How to Determine One's Temperament

As we have outlined before, people do not change with the weather. Because the temperament is something rooted deeply which cannot be changed easily. Different people have different temperaments.

It is quite difficult to determine one's temperament, especially in the following cases:

1) When a person is very nervous. With such persons the signs of nervousness, as restlessness, irritability, inconstancy of humor and resolution, the inclination to melancholy and discouragement, manifest themselves so forcibly that the symptoms of temperament are more or less obscured. It is especially difficult to discern the temperament of hysterical persons, if the so-called hysterical character is already fully developed.

2) When a person is habitually given to sin. In such cases the sinful passion influences man more than the temperament; for instance, a sanguine person, who by nature is very much inclined to live in peace and harmony with others, can become very annoying and cause great trouble by giving way to envy and anger. Same with other habitual sinners.

3) When a person possesses only slight knowledge of himself. He neither recognizes his good or evil disposition, nor does he understand the intensity of his own evil inclinations and the degree of his excitability; consequently he will not have a clear idea of his temperament. If anyone tries to assist him to know himself by questioning him, he gives false answers, not intentionally, but simply because he does not know himself. If such persons begin to devote themselves to a more spiritual life, they usually acquire a fairly reliable diagnosis of their temperament only after they have practiced meditation and examination of conscience for some length of time.

4) When a person has progressed very far on the path of perfection. In such cases the dark sides of the temperament, as they manifest themselves, usually, in ordinary persons, can hardly be noticed at all. Thus, St. Ignatius Loyola, who by nature was pas-

sionately choleric, had conquered his passion to such an extent, that externally he appeared to be a man without passions and was often looked upon as a pure phlegmatic. In the sanguine but saintly Francis de Sales, the heat of momentary, irate excitement, proper to his sanguine temperament, was completely subdued, but only at the cost of continual combat for years against his natural disposition.

Saintly people of melancholic temperament never allow their naturally sad, morose, discouraging temperament to show itself, but by a look upon their crucified Lord and Master, Jesus Christ, conquer quickly these unpleasant moods.

## Temperament Reading from Face and Actions

A very valuable help for the discernment of the mixed, and especially of the pure, temperaments is the expression of the eye and more or less the manner in which a person walks. The eye of the choleric is resolute, firm, energetic, fiery; the eye of the sanguine is cheerful, friendly, and careless; the eye of the melancholic looks more or less sad and troubled; the eye of the phlegmatic is lazy and sluggish.

The expression of the eye rather quickly reveals the choleric temperament (the well-known type of Hitler) and the temperament of the melancholic. If, from the expression of the eye neither the resoluteness and energy of the choleric nor the gloom of the melancholic can be discerned, it is safe to conclude that a person is sanguine or phlegmatic. After a little experience, one quite easily determines a person's temperament, even at the first meeting, or even after a casual observation on the street. Physical symptoms of different temperaments, however, such as the shape of the head, color of the hair, complexion, size of the neck, etc., also are much to say about one's temperament. But this is not accepted as true by all psychologists.



# Saturday Night

Don't ask me why I was sitting in a coffee bar at ten p.m. on Saturday night, because I won't tell you. It wasn't very cold out but the warm coffee really hit the spot. It would have been so peaceful and quiet if that noisy Wurlitzer didn't blare with such loud, insane groans. It stopped and at that moment a long file of twenty or more people invaded the place. They were all happy — smiles, digs and quips ensued.

I have an undying curiosity so I had to know where they had been, what they had done and who they were. Fortunately I knew one of them so it was time to start pumping. This is what he told me.

These people had been out enjoying God. They were all young people. They had attended a Holy Hour of Reparation at 9:00 p.m. on Saturday night. They actually took this business of prayer and sacrifice seriously . . . and said they liked it. I didn't tell them what you and I know, that the only way to have fun on a Saturday night, is to go to a party. The young business man I was talking to told me that praying to Christ and to His Blessed Mother was one of the best ways to help avert worldwide war and chaos. He said that the Blessed Virgin appeared to three tots at Fatima, Portugal in 1917 and told them that unless people prayed and stopped offending God there would be another war. Well that is easy to say now that it has happened. He added that the Mother of God had warned that unless man prayed there would be a persecution of Christians and of the Pope. I guess she wants them to pray.

I asked him, "but why on Saturday night?" "You fellows can be as pious as you want any night or day but Saturday. Why not relax then?" He explained that the Blessed Virgin asked Catholics to go to Communion on the first Saturday of every month for five consecutive months and to meditate on the mysteries of the rosary for fifteen minutes during the day. She promised that if they did this faithfully they would receive the graces necessary for salvation at the hour of death.

The strangest thing about my friend is that he didn't think he was a very good fellow himself. He said that he spent that hour apologizing for being unkind to other people, for telling little and big lies, for being conceited and for thinking about things he shouldn't. He asked God to make him a better fellow because he was having a tough time doing it himself. He went on apologizing for others who did the same things and asked Christ to help them too. He calls all this stuff "love."

Do you wonder what it would be like to spend a Saturday evening, like that sometime?

The strange and beautiful things you hear in a coffee shop.

—"The Western Catholic".

# What A Boy!

Boys come in assorted sizes, weights and colors. They are found everywhere — on top of, underneath, inside of, climbing on, swinging from, running around or jumping to. Mothers love them, little girls hate them, older sisters and brothers tolerate them, adults ignore them and Heaven protects them. A boy is Truth with dirt on his face, Wisdom with bubble gum in his hair and the Hope of the future with a frog in his pocket.

A boy has the appetite of a horse, the digestion of a sword swallower, the energy of a pocket-size atomic bomb, the curiosity of a cat, the lungs of a dictator, the imagination of a Paul Bunyan, the shyness of a violet, and when he makes something he has five thumbs on each hand.

He likes ice cream, knives, saws, Christmas, comic books, the boy across the street, woods, water (in its natural habitat), large animals, Dad, trains, Saturday mornings and fire engines.

Nobody else is so early to rise and so late to supper. Nobody else can cram into one pocket a rusty knife, a half-eaten apple, three feet of string, two gumdrops, six cents, a slingshot, a chunk of unknown substance and a genuine supersonic code ring with a secret compartment.

A boy is a magical creature — you can lock him out of your workshop, but you can't lock him out of your heart. You can get him out of your study, but you can't get him out of your mind. Might as well give up — he is your captor, your jailer, your boss and your master — a freckle-faced, pint-sized bundle of noise. But when you come home at night with only the shattered pieces of your hopes and dreams, he can mend them with two major words: "Hi, Dad!"

Наталя Королева

# ДРАХМА

(Біблійне Оповідання)

(Докінчення)

Від часу, що Діна прийняла за свою маленьку Яель, нещастя відступилось від неї, немов скінчилась ніч, а почався день. Майже раз-у-раз мала працю. Майже ніхто не затримав заробленої платні. Негоди немов не існували на світі. На торзі встигала закупити найдешевше й добре, без ошукування. Навіть повернули борг, а відомий скнира й лиходій, віддав колись давно зароблені нею гроші. Вдовиця, що була по маківку задовжена, швидко вирівняла старі борги й почала розживатись.

По Яель ніхто не зголошувався, так і залишилась приймачка "за свою." Була здорова, весела й притульна. Співала й гралася з іншими дітьми на вулиці, поки "мама Діна" була на прамі. За те, коли над вечір углядить Яель вдову десь на самому кінці вулиці, — кидає все й вітром гонить назустріч. Діна підхопить її в обійми та в поцілунках і пестошах обоє спішать до хатини.

Бачучи, що Єгова "вибачив гріхи бездітній" та дарував їй дитину й свою милість, помнякшали й усі сусідки. То одна то друга затримувались на вулиці, щоб обмінятись кількома словами з удовицею. А там дивись котрась принесе курятко.

— На забавку дитині.

Інша — суконку, ще добру, але малу на своїх дітей. Та — корчик оливи, а та мірку муки чи й десяток яечок.

Одного дня Діна ствердила неймовірну річ: вона не тільки не мала ані лепти довгу, а ще тримала в руці десять срібних драхм. Довго міркувала й радилась з Яель: чи складати далі, аж поки назбирає на козу, чи вже тепер закупити ріжного краму й сісти на торзі...

Та не сплять злі духи. Нещастя не пустинею ходить, лиш поміж людь-

ми. Часами повертає воно й до тих, кого ніби вже зовсім покинуло.

У п'ятницю, саме на торг вибиралася Діна, купити риби, щоб, як Бог звелів, суботу справити, а Яель прицепилась до неї:

— Візьми й візьми мене з собою!

Любило дівчатко на торгу на ягняток дивитись та крутитися поміж горами овочів, що принесла цього-річна багата осінь. Але Діна з тривогою оглядала в малої почервонілі оченята й не хотіла вести її на запрошений торг.

— Ні, донечко! Сьогодні не можна. Я тобі принесу запашної масти на очечки й чорних дактилів, що, як мед, солодкі.

Яель плакала, час утікав, а Діна ніяк не могла утихомирити дитину.

— Ну, так от що: на тобі оцю драхму. Сьогодні грайся нею цілий день, а позавтра підемо вкупі й ти сама купиш і сама платитимеш старій Маасі, що продає медівники.

Нарешті взяла за клямку дверей, аж на порозі заступили їй вихід чужі люди: митник і з ним два вояки немов вирости з землі.

— Чом не платиш, жінко, податків? Ще й за минулий рік, та й за поза-минулий...

Яка може бути суперечка з паном від мита та вояками? Ні прохання, ні сльози їм не дошкуляють. Забрали в неї дев'ять драхм. Тих блискучих дев'ять монеток, що в темному Діниному існуванні засвітилися були, мов ясні зорі прийдешнього добробуту.

Не пішла Діна по рибу й по масть, а подалася просто на винницю. Увечорі оглянула все своє майно: трошечки муки, лиш на виміток, на дні баньки тоненький шар оливи, кілька цибулин і десять драхма, що оддала була погратись Яелі. Але ж, де є та монетка? Дитина злякалась тих

страшних відвідин і цілком забула, куди саме засунула ту останню драхму.

Діна перевернула до гори дном всю свою мазанку: монетка пішла під землю.

— Ах, бідна ж, бідна твоя голівонька, — примовляли перед дверима сусідки. І як же ти, необачна, не поховала грошей! Аж десять драхм забрали погани!

— Не десять, а лиш девять. Але ж де та десята? Немов Йонова велерибо її проковтнула. Дитино моя, і куди ж ти її заховала?!

Де що в хаті було, надвір повиносила, всі закутки пальцями промацала і з каганцем у руці обдивилась кожну ямку в долівці. Нарешті, аж пізнього вечора таки знайшла у попелі під причілком, де її Яель закопала.

Немов знайшла скарби володарки південної, так зраділа вдовиця знайденою драхмою. Вибігла на вулицю, метнулась по сусідках. “Ви, що боїтеся Господа, вихваляйте Його. Не гидує Він і не гордує бідним у злиднях, і не відвертає лиця свого від нього.”

І Мельхола, жінка теслі, що на одвірок спершись, стояла, і Ноема — ткаля, що з Мельхолою про весілля Юдитки, ковалівни, розповідали, що а ж десять дівчат зі світильниками на зустріч вийти мають, й інші сусідки, що вже вечерю подали й вільну хвилинку мали, — всі свою працю кинули й вибігли послухати Діну.

— Сусідоньки, рибоньки! Найшла я, знайшла, свою драхму знайшла. Ось вона, ось.

— Сховай же ти її, горличко, на щастя.

— Але! Шкляні кільця в уші собі купи. Це так гарно! Коштують саме одну драхму.

— Йошуа має дуже гарненькі в своїй крамниці кільця й кульчики.

— Дитині купи солодощів. Ти ж бо ту драхму немов на вулиці знайшла.

Істино, істино! Таки була згубила її начисто!

Замислилась Діна, нічого не відповіла на добрі ради. Чого б тільки не купила. Всього бо в хаті бракує...

Тієї суботи Діна вийшла з храму остання, проводючи за ручку Яель. Почекала, поки відійшли усі сусідки, почекала поки опустів храм. Оглянулась ще і ще: чи не дивиться хтось? Побачила лиш у затінку сикомори напроти храму кілька рибалок з Генезарету, що оточували молодого Раббі Назаретського. Він, красний і світлий, схилившись, щось креслив ціпком на заפורошеній землі, а учні уважно слухали.

Діна мерщій простягла руку і вкинула знайдену драхму до скарбонки, що висіла при вході в храм:

— Господи! Прийми в подяку за всі милости, та за всю ласку Твою. Не погидує, Господи, Ти, що даєш, відбираєш і повертаєш знову!...

Обернулась і побачила простягнену білу руку Вчителя Назаретського. І та рука, така біла, що ніби від неї йшли проміння світла, — здалося Діні, — благословила її та її щирі офіру, що дала вона від убогости своєї.

## LAUGH WITH US

Prayer of a little girl: “Please, God, take care of grandpa and grandma, daddy and mammy, my uncles and aunts and cousins. And, dear God, be sure and take good care of yourself because if anything happened to you this world would sure be in a mess.

\* \* \* \*

Overheard

Question: Do you know what time it is?  
Answer: Yes. It's daytime.

\* \* \* \*

Mother: What did your father say when you told him you'd smashed up the car?

Son: Shall I leave out the swear words?

Mother: Certainly.

Son: He didn't say a word.

\* \* \* \*

Asked one little girl: “Why does your grandmother read the Bible so much?”

Answered the other: “I think she's cramming for her finals.”



## Спомин з Минулого

“Та й мені не що інше тепер в голові. Та де ж би я колись і подумала, що доживу такого радісного дня, як нинішній. Що за радість у моему серці, що Господь вибрав тебе, сину, собі на службу! Чим же ж я удостоїлася такої ласки в Бога?”

“Мамо,” відзиваюсь скоро і певно, “то за вашу вірність і любов до Господа. Я певний, що тільки ви своїми безперервними молитвами вимолили в Бога для мене ту ласку, Памятаєте, мамо, як я вагався спочатку, що мені робити. І хто знає, чи був би нині священиком, коли б ви були не додали мені запевнення, що Господь поправді кличе мене ближче себе.”

“Памятаю, памятаю, сину, як ти одного дня, вернувши з церкви, прийшов до мене і якось так несміливо звістив мені, що ти хочеш учитися на священика. Мое серце наповнилось тоді радістю та вдячністю Господаєві...”

“Але, мамо, я не був тоді ще певний, що я таки виконаю свою постанову.”

“Так, я зараз це пізнала тоді в твоїм голосі, що нема там ще тої певної рішучості. І збудивши акт віри в Бога, я почала висказувати своє задоволення та признання за такий вмілий вибір, хоч у глибині серця моя материнська любов відчувала смуток і жаль, що прийдеться розстатися з тобою на довго, а може і на все. Але тоді я подумала, що для добра і ущасливлення дитини не могу дивитися на власні почування.”

“Найдорожча мамо!” промовив я зі зворушенням. “Вам належить найбільше признання й подяка за нинішній день, бо коли б не ваші слова признання й заохоти того дня, то хто знає, чи сам здобувсяб був коли на стільки відваги та рішучості, щоб стати кроком у духовий стан.”

“А я був тоді зовсім іншої гадки,” вмішався також батько в нашу роз-

мову, відкладаючи набік і так нечитану газету. “Я плянував для тебе зовсім іншу кар'єру. Я хотів бачити свого сина на високім становищі якогось уряду чи держави, а не звичайним, забутим усіми, а то й погорджуваним духовним. І коли б не моя любов та привязання до твоєї матері, яка була така рада твоїм намірам, то я зі своєї сторони був би ніколи не дозволив тобі вступити до монастиря. Але нині я дуже жалую того, бо те, що я нині пережив, то всі уряди, всі гідності, хочби зібрані й разом, не дорівнять тому, чим є, ані не всилі викликати таких почувань задоволення, які викликала в мені твоя нинішня перша Сл. Божа.”

“Так, тату, я нині чуюся такий щасливий, що не проміняв би того щастя за ніщо в світі...”

“І тому,” промовила тепер мати зі слезами в очах, “велика дяка належить Тому, що приніс таку велику радість у нашу хату. Може б ми зложили цю подяку всі разом таки тут на цьому місці, де я найбільше просила та молила, щоб випросити в Бога такої хвилини, яку переживаємо нині.”

Ми схилили наші коліна перед образом Серця Христового, а з наших грудей поплила сердечна молитва подяки за Його безмежну любов до нас.

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## LAUGH WITH US

“It says here in the newspaper,” said the old gentleman, “that a man is run over in New York ever half-hour.”

“Dear me!” said the old lady. “The poor fellow!”

\* \* \* \*

Asked by a surprised teacher why he passed out bubble gum to classmates, Tommy answered. “I just became a brother last night.”

\* \* \* \*

Taxi driver to fare: “There'll be no charge, lady, you did most of the driving.”

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